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FALLS OF CLYDE, SCOTLAND.

The river Clyde in the neighbourhood of the town of Lanark presents, according to the testimony of all travellers, some of the most romantic and picturesque scenery in the world. The first precipice over which the river rushes, on its way from the hills, is situated about two miles above Lanark—and is known by the name of Bonnington Linn. It is a perpendicular rock of about twenty, or, as some authorities state, thirty feet in height, over which the water, after having approached its brink in a broad sheet, smooth as a mirror, and reflecting the forests that clothe its margin, tumbles impetuously into a deep hollow or basin, where it is instantly ground into froth. A dense mist continually hovers over this boiling cauldron. From this point downwards the channel of the river assumes a chaotic appearance; instead of the quiet and outspread waters above the fall, we have now a confined and angry torrent forcing its way with the noise of thunder between steep and meeting rocks, and over incessant impediments. The scenery on both sides, however, is exquisitely rich and beautiful. A walk of about half a mile which may be said almost to overhang the river, leads to the second and most famous of the falls, that called Corra Linn, from the castle of Corra, now in ruins, which stands in its neighbourhood. "The tremendous rocks around," says the report of the parish of Lanark, published in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, "the old castle upon the opposite bank, a corn-mill on the rock below, the furious and impatient stream foaming over the rock, the horrid chasm and abyss underneath your feet, heightened by the hollow murmur of the water, and the screams of wild birds, form a spectacle at once tremendous and pleasing. A summer-house, or pavilion, is situated on a high rocky bank, that overlooks the linn, built by Sir James Carmichael, of Bonnington, in 1708. From its uppermost room it affords a very striking prospect of the fall; for, all at once, on throwing your eyes towards a mirror, on the opposite side of the room from the fall, you see the whole tremendous cataract pouring as it were, upon your head. The Corra Linn, by measurement, is eighty-four feet in height. The river does not rush over it in one uniform sheet like Bonnington Linn, but in three different, though almost imperceptible, precipitate leaps. On the southern bank, and when the sun shines, a rainbow is perpetually seen forming itself upon the mist and fogs, arising from the violent dashing of the waters." As Byron has beautifully sung of the Cataract of Velino, in Italy:—

"On the verge,
From side to side beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unwurn
Its steady eyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mein."

A short distance below Corra Linn is another fall called Dundaff Linn, the appearance of which is also very beautiful, though it is only about three feet and a half high. About three miles farther down, and a considerable way past the town of Lanark, is the last of the falls, that called Stonebyres Linn. It is a precipice, or rather a succession of three precipices, making together a height of sixty-four feet. The same general features of rugged rocks, here appearing in all their dreary barrenness, there concealed by trees and shrubs, of wild birds winging their flight over the bounding cataract and mingling their screams with its roar, and of cultivated nature in its most luxuriant beauty, contending all around with the sublimity of the untamed torrent, which belong to Corra Linn, mark that of Stonebyres also, though with some diminution of the romantic effect. A peculiar phenomenon which is to be seen here, is that of the incessant endeavors of the salmon, in the spawning season, to mount the lofty barrier by which they now find their migration from the sea for the first time opposed. Their efforts, it is almost needless to say, are quite unavailing. It is also stated that the horse muscle, the pearl oyster, and some other species of fish, which are found in great numbers below this fall, are never seen above it. Trouts, however, have been observed to spring up the small ascent of Dundaff Linn, apparently without difficulty.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Written under the picture of a young girl in a lady's Album.

Beautiful child! thy baby face—
(Where roses seem to struggle through
The lily's white)—thy form of grace—
Those eyes, how like the violet's hue!
The north, those laughing orbs reveal—
Undimmed by time's corroding powers—
Oh, who can look on these, and feel
Life hath not some delightful hours!

Sweet girl! upon thy sunny brow
Grief hath not set his wrinkled palm,
Nor man's dim glorious brightness—thou
Art yet all pureness—all calm—
Thy cheek is not yet blanched with care
(That demon in the world of man,)
And sin—and guile—and dark despair,
Thou know'st not even their symbol-flow'rs!

Love on, my child!—as I may'st thou be
Thus happy, and thus guiltless!—Oh,
May life's brief heritage to thee,
Be still animated with sun and woe!
Then, when Death's last, dread hour, shall come,
And quench from earth, thy spirit's light,
Then—may'st thou seek a nobler home,
And Heaven-ward wing thine angel flight!

ATHEL.

From the Casket.

FRANCE IN 1834.

When the tidings reached us of the "glorious" revolution of "the three days," who does not remember the excitement that it produced? It was hailed as the triumph of free principles. France was regenerated. She was a republic in all but the name. The halcyon days of rational liberty had commenced. These were the expressions that burst from the lips of many, at the raising of that tri-colored flag, which though so often dipped in blood, and waving in the ranks of tyranny, was yet first given to the breeze as *the emblem of liberty and equal rights*. When the voice of exultation at the overthrow of Charles X. and the elevation of a "citizen king," was heard throughout our land, it was little thought how very soon that "citizen king" would drop the mask of patriotic hypocrisy which had been assumed for the occasion, and subject his "beloved France" to the iron sway of a military despotism. Yet such is the fact. One of the first acts of Louis Phillippe, was, to separate himself from those who had put the crown upon his head. We all know his treatment of the venerated La Fayette. The subsequent course of the "citizen king" has been, to consolidate his power in opposition to the People, and this, by surrounding his throne with the bayonets of four hundred thousand soldiers—not the National Guard contemplated and required by the Constitution—no, the National Guard has been actually dissolved in most of the departments, and virtually dissolved in the remainder—but a regular standing army—a band of mercenaries, of which Marshal Soult, the Minister at war, is the Commander in Chief. The "citizen king" has the recollection constantly upon his mind, that *he was raised by a revolution, and he is not* at all inclined to *descend* as suddenly by one. Every principle professed by him has been abandoned. The press is not only shackled, but the prosecutions for libels against the government are innumerable, and pushed with extreme severity. Laws have been passed against political associations—forbidding individuals to keep fire arms—and against barricades—by a government that owes its existence to insurrection, and the *fusillade* of the barricades, stirred up by an attack upon the liberty of the press. "Whenever revolt can appear," says the principal organ of the government, "we have a law ready to meet it,—in the press—in clubs—or behind barricades." What a precious specimen of consistency have we here! And this is not the worst—the cannon has been unmuzzled upon the people, with a recklessness of human slaughter almost unparalleled in the history of despotism, and the streets of Paris and Lyons have flowed with the blood of multitudes, butchered for their revolt at the tyranny of a government established by a Parisian insurrection—and while the streets were reeking, and the prisons filled, this iniquitous government had the insulting effrontery, to celebrate, *with public* fetes and childish shows, the glorious anniversary of the memorable three days. What a comment upon the degree of respect entertained by the "citizen king" for the popular understanding! Whether France will patiently endure this oppression, or how far her struggles against it are likely to prove effectual, remains to be determined.

Such is the present condition of the French nation, and from it we may deduce some important inferences. The forms of the French government are as liberal as those of any in Europe—the Belgian perhaps excepted. They have a written constitution; a representation of the people; and the trial by jury: but the "citizen king" construes the constitution as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others—a majority of placemen occupy the seats of the Chamber of Deputies—and the purposes of the monarch are as fully effected through the medium of packed juries in state cases, as though the *form* were altogether dispensed with. The "citizen king" can safely afford to gratify his loving subjects with the forms, when he takes care to render those forms a dead letter; and thus, with their *Charte-Verité* as he pronounced it, and a theoretic system of almost republican freedom, the unfortunate people of France, who have endured so much suffering and perpetrated so much crime, in pursuit of rights they never could obtain, or obtaining, never could preserve, are fated to be trampled down by the son of a decapitated miscreant, who can pretend no other title to the crown he wears, than the favor of those whom he has treated with so much perfidy and injustice.

We also have a written constitution, and one that now for forty-six years, has challenged the admiration of the friends of rational liberty throughout the world. The opportunity of giving it existence, was gained by the swords of a patriot ancestry. If assaults are made upon it, they will be the insidious and subversive ones of forced construction and sophistical perversion. There would be a fearful risk, in boldly striking at the visible external forms of freedom, while a flame of devotion to the same, is rising from the altar of the popular heart. Such a *display of profitless temerity, we have little cause to apprehend. Ambitious* design will be coupled with shrewder management. The battering ram will not be brought against the walls of the temple—they will stand in all their perfect proportions and sculptured beauty, to remind the gayer of the glory which they once encircled, when the Holy of Holies has been consecrated, and the Ark of the Covenant is no longer in its place. Like children, we may be permitted to amuse ourselves with the empty casket, after care has been taken to remove the jewel. "The price of liberty is incessant vigilance." Subversive principles, hand in hand with artful corruption, will present themselves in the stolen forms of truth and patriotism—let them be touched by the Ithuriel's spear of sound investigation. The aspiring demagogue is never in want of a plausible pretext. It be overstepa a little the bounds of his official authority, it is to effect a great good; if he disregards the legal barriers that lift themselves to intercept his course, his motives are pure—his object is the people's benefit. Thus ill deserved popularity may be his—the shouts of the thronging multitude may resound along his path—and he may fondly mistake those shouts for the trumpet of fame. They will learn their error, when their fate is fixed. His designs will be apparent, when the effects cannot be remedied. Let us look to the light and listen to the voice of impartial history. She is our safest guide through the shadowed wilderness of political complexity, into which unskilful or deceptive leaders may have drawn us. Experience is said to be the best teacher—but let it be the experience of others. From the folly of other nations, may we learn wisdom. May we whom so many abortive attempts have been made to imitate, never be pointed at as an example to deter. For us there will be no excuse. If ever people sinned knowingly and wilfully, we will be that people. We live at an advanced age of political intelligence. We have had every advantage—situation—resources—opportunity. Providence could do no more for us. The rise and fall of ancient republics have been familiar to us as the school boys theme; and modern instances have not been wanting—as if for *our special benefit*, the French Revolution has desolated Europe, and defeated its own object; and another Revolution has followed as one of its effects—changing from bad to worse with singular celerity. If we cannot be instructed by *what is passing before our very eyes*, neither will we be convinced though one rose from the dead. Let us not shew that we have been spoilt by our own flatteries, and refuse to hearken to the advice of aged wisdom. They are our worst enemies, and time will prove them so, who are constantly feeding a morbid appetite for praise, by inflated compliments, and unmeaning eulogiums upon our superior enlightment. Those who think themselves perfection, are above improvement, and little inclined to profit by warning or reproof, either of which is offensive to their vanity. The designing ones, who have a sinister purpose to accomplish, never fail to address themselves to this ruling passion. Robespierre in his frothy speeches, harped eternally with the declamatory energy of affected sincerity, upon the grateful topics of "the poor—the virtuous—the enlightened people"—and the poor people were fools enough to believe him, even while heads were tumbling in rapid succession from what was jocosely called "the little republican window" of the ceaseless guillotine. The monster had cunning but not wisdom. He knew how to apply the means to the end, so as to effect a wicked purpose. He had the art of the demagogue. Crimes were necessary, and he committed them; blood must flow, and he shed it. There was no weak hesitancy—no stumbling at means—no qualings of conscience. He played a bold game, and he played it well. All that crime and cunning could do, he did. The tide turned—that, he could not help; there was a reaction, which no management of ingenuity could resist; the day of retribution came upon him in lightning and in wrath; the thunderbolt of vengeance struck down his dominion, and scattered it in the dust; and the once favorite Jacobin leader, now shivering with fear and overwhelmed with the coward's despair, was dragged to the *scaffold* still moist with the blood of his victims. Would that his fate would deter others from imitating his life! But this is too much to anticipate while men are ambitious, and multitudes may be deceived. There is always a hope of enjoying the crime, and escaping its penalty. A cherished belief, that a little less rashness, or a little more caution, will prove successful in preventing the catastrophe. We will moderate judiciously—we will not go quite so far—we will tamper with guilt, and sin with circumspection—these are the whisperings of the evil heart; and it ever will be so, until man is different, and his nature changed. There is wisdom then, in guarding against "what men may do, not in trusting to what they will do."

In the words of Jefferson: "In questions of power, then, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the Constitution." Stand upon the outer ramparts, with your weapons in your hands. Secure every pass, and plant your sentinels at each extremest point; let them be men of eager eye, and sleepless mind, and fearless heart, who will "cry aloud and spare not," at the slightest aspect of danger—who will be upon the alert for the artifices of stratagem, and catch with quickened ear, the sounds of approaching hostility, from the quarter where the man of ordinary perception would least expect it. And if the storm must gather, and the whirlwind sweep—if resistance cannot prevent the rush of numbers, and the fatal breach—if the last firm effort of the faithful few can naught avail, and the citadel is doomed to be profaned by the restless foot of the invader—it is no small consolation to know that we have done our duty.

"Heaven and earth will witness,
If *Rome* must fall we are innocent."

J. R. S.

AUTUMN.

High over the valley the white clouds are flying,
The voice of the *snow-spirit* rides on the blast;
As mournful it sweeps through the wild forest sighing,
"Cold winter is coming, the summer is past!"

The whirlwind is drifting the leaves on the mountain,
The field flowers droop to the white frost a prey;
No longer the lark laves his wing at the fountain,
With the first bitter blast rode the songster away.

Up the lake's pebbled beach the rude billows are dashing,—
The white breasted gull stilly rides the dark wave;
Far sounds the loud axe, and the conquered oak's crashing,
Start up the grim wolf in his dark mountain cave.

See you party of leaves on the west side advancing,
They ride for the lake, its grey shore they have pass'd;
They light—on its silvery wave they are dancing,—
They sink—thus depart all things mortal at last.

How sad grows my heart to see nature decaying,
In beauty-like rainbows when fading away;
'Tis false as the flush when consumption is preying,
It lights up the cheek that may fade in a day.

O give me the winter, when Boreas is swelling
His throat to give song to the bleak mountain brow;
For then I can sit in my snow-sheeted dwelling,
And feel not the gloom that oppresses me now.

** L.

Adventure with a Pirate.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman named Ord, who having on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resided, and where Ord remained for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild enthusiasm about his character, which though it harmonized well with his athletic and handsome appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were boating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tiburon, in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the fore-top-sail, sung out to those below that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and having exhausted every social subject of amusement, half devoured with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently: I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea fights, and Ord cursing those "coming times of peace," in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man, entering the cabin doffed his cap, and smoothing down his hair, told his story, Ord uttered a whoop of delight, and springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre; but Ord, singing out "steady" seized a spy-glass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus:

"My lads! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them; now you all know well enough that the Little Petrel (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom in a friendly way among them; we can run when we can do no better—so all you who are willing to stand by your captain, will draw off to the weather side—and if there are any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks in a long boat, with a lug sail, keep your present stations."

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three or four negroes, and it was curious to observe the effect of our captain's speech upon them. The Englishmen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft; the Scotchman more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering, that "it was by no means prudent, but hang him if he would crow the dunghill craw;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and hitching up his trowsers walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had seen and heard so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get "long Tom" (a long barrelled gun which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel, I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing stays, might place the pirate alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Ord's coolness, and, above all, in "long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed to the manœuvres of one of their companions, who under cover of the tarpaulin, was cramming "long Tom" with what he called "his grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and-so-forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside.—Turning round with a calm smile on his face, Ord nodded to his men, who having before received their instruction, rounded the little Petrel on the keel, and swept away on the larboard tack, with a celerity which could hardly have been surpassed by the sea bird whose name she bore. But though the manœuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great *sang froid* "and you thundering thief in the bow of the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet: none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball so far into a spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Ord, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat he cheered on the pirates, who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got 'long Tom's' nose, as the seamen joccosely called it, leveled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near as that he could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce bloody looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistol and cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, grey-headed negro stood at the bow of the boat holding with one hand by the forestay, and the other resting upon the long Spanish barrelled gun, which our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially shattered wheel. Whether Ord was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but putting the rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure. Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features, than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the old pirate's rifle, showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his arm. At this moment the men cried out that other galleys where making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and looking around, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa-nut trees and thick tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and giving the word "ready about," to his men, took up his rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could even hear his chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately when Ord presented himself over the taffrail there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired and the old negro tumbled headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, shewed that the Petrel and her steersman was fully avenged. "About ship," cried Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the ropes and flapping of the wet canvass, as our sails gibed, where heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and getting hold of the wind began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oar's length of us, when Ord with a hand as steady as if he were writing an invitation for dinner, took the apron off 'long Tom' with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the accuracy of our discharge, I caught a glimpse of the features. He was with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward, and applied the match to the touch hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel, before the smoke of the gun had drifted by—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. The boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down one by one as their strength failed. A stiff breeze and a flowing sheet, soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of the sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded men under proper care.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

An Adventure in the Mountains of Quito.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow crowned head no longer shone above us its clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehension of a violent storm. We soon found their fears well founded. The thunder began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning; flash followed flash—above, around, beneath,—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in the cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty and not a little danger, at last got into it.

When the storm had somewhat abated, our guide ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge, was so extremely dark, that we could not see an inch before us: and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a groaning or growling in the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman crept about on their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded.

They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "We have come into the den of a ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, and then hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal; and we were lost beyond redemption if he reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay.

There was a small open space however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by his glowing eyes, which he rolled glaring with fury upon us. His frightful roaring too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton with his usual calmness, "aim at his eyes: the ball will go through his brain, and we shall have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew their triggers, at the same moment; but no shot followed. The Tiger who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet.

"All is now over," said Wharton, we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood thirsty monster without, and make a quicker end of the matter.

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the further end of the cave; I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning, and the tiger, which had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner; then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest broke forth in a deafning howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of the string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he had intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.

The thunder had now ceased; and the storm, had sunk to a gentle gale, songs, of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture, how all nature was reviving, after the war of the elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Ceberus kept watch over us.—The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength; and his limbs being stretched out at full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately arose and answered it with a fearful howl. At the instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite as large, came to reply to the spot where we were.

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horror that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his cry with hers.—Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forwards, with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, which lay stretched out besides his cubs, and he rose and joined in the hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.

Our Indians descended from their tree, and called upon us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves, by instant flight; for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were, no doubt, acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the examples of our guide, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees, with which the storm had strewed our path, and the slippyness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks, threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the neighboring forest; the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge, to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock.

He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress with a moment's pause rushed towards the chasm, and at tempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rock. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost.

But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger and struck his sword into the tiger's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while, with his right, he wrenched and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance, but Lincoln who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss.—*Edin. Literary Journal.*

Lines Suggested by Attending a Party.

I stood within a crowded hall
Mid young and beautiful and fair,
And bright upon the varied wall
The numerous torches sent their glare,
'Till midnight's darkness then grew bright,
With more than sunbeam's flashing light.

And they were there whose guileless hearts
Nor yet had bled at words unkind,
Nor learned to use those subtle arts
Which bring such blighting o'er the mind—
A mildew which where e'er it spreads,
Nought but despair and sorrow sheds.

All there seemed joyous, and were gay—
Unheeded fled the hours along;
While gladdened there by beauty's ray
Full richly flowed the tide of song—
As silvery streams, from dark retreat,
In sunlight murmur music sweet.

And all were joyous? There stood one
From all that gladsome throng apart
Nor joined the laugh or cheer, but lone
And lost in thought, and sick at heart
She seemed, and gazed with vacant eye
On all that empty pageantry.

Aye! sick at heart with such display
Of heartless joy and fleeting mirth—
As evanescent as 'twas gay,
She knew 'twould not outlive its birth—
But vanish swift as meteor's glare,
Or northern rays 'mid wintry air.

She felt a deeper inward joy
Which they around her knew not of;
A pleasure pure without alloy,
Rich from the stores of heavenly love—
Nor felt she sad, save when she thought
Of those who spend their strength for nought.

I marked the tear bedew her eye—
I saw her calm, her gentle look—
I heard her deep, and bursting sigh—
As if her soul no more could brook
Its inmost feelings to restrain,
Or all in lab'ring thoughts contain.

But yet she spoke not. Was it grief
That dew'd her eye? Or did that gem,
That tear that glittered there, no brief
Appear to deck joy's maiden?
'Twas joy for pleasures she had got—
'Twas grief that they should have them not.

And hence that bursting sigh, that rose
Tho' calm and cheerful was her face,
'Twas pleasing sorrows, such as those
All feel, whose hearts are touched by grace—
When memory wand'ring free and far
Shows what they wish and what they are. Z.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

From a Young Lady's Album.

TO A——

"——the heart, that all
Which tyranny can ne'er enthral."

The heart—the heart? the proud, full heart!
One hope, an age—one thought, a life;
It will not bend by human art—
It will not yield to outward strife,
But chain the body down and still
It holds its own—retains its will.

Then take my all—my heart's my own,
No tyrant can deprive of that;
No power usurp its inward throne,
No change—vain boast!—it is too late,
And past all change—beyond all care—
Thou reign'st a little tyrant there. S.

From the Western Monthly Magazine,

THE DUTY OF WOMEN.

BY A WESTERN LADY.

In all countries, the moral and political condition of woman, may be considered as an index of society; and the character of a nation is intimately connected with the veneration paid to her rights. Woman is still, throughout the rest of the world, more the attendant than the companion of man; but in our own happy land of equal privileges, liberty of conscience, and freedom of the press, we are more justly estimated,—and possess a dignified, respectable influence, in which neither a soulless submission, nor an irrational self confidence, is exhibited. Education is shedding its enlightening rays upon the mind, and a system of general instruction diffusing its blessings through every class. Women are uniting with men in the noble cause of banishing oppression, vice, and ignorance from the earth—and with the blessings of heaven, intelligence and virtue will soon become triumphant.

In the present era of universal reform, the prejudices of preceding ages can scarcely be comprehended.—We might portray a dark period of woman's history, and assert, that she had not become a sharer in the march of mind; that the 'tone of female society,' was still 'a focus of folly,'—'a court where fashion and personal vanity are the presiding deities.' But should we presume to utter such an unjust aspersion upon the character of our sex in relation to its present state in our country, who would believe it? An intellectual woman is no longer placed under the ban of prejudice. Let the names of More, Edgeworth, De Sevigne, De Stael, Coelin, Opie, Sigourney, Hemans, and many others, distinguished for genius and virtue, animate our hopes, and encourage us to imitate their high examples; and let us honor with a pure and holy sentiment, that benevolent system of philosophy, which is elevating woman to the station in society, originally assigned her by Infinite wisdom.

Much of the infelicity existing in the human family, has resulted from an inordinate desire to be distinguished and admired; the consequence, frequently, of a faulty education. The system of emulation introduced into our seminaries of learning, by arraying the self-love of one individual, or party, against the selfish and interest of another, counteracts the sentiments of liberality and good will; and creates a feeling of rivalry, which is apt to remain and endanger our happiness in after life.—Could the spirit of humility, forbearance, and affection, be substituted, the petulance and impatience excited by disappointed ambition might be avoided, and an improvement effected in female character. The minds of women should be stored with useful knowledge—not for the meed of applause—nor for the purpose of displaying our superiority over those who are appointed to rule over us,—but for the rational improvement and employment of our leisure hours; tranquility and content, being regarded as the ultimate reward. Thus the refining influence of literary pursuits, might be exerted throughout all the social and moral fabric. But exalted literary attainments, will never compensate for the absence of

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Sketches of the Western Bar.

A week passed at Columbus, Ohio, in the Summer of 1827.

The trial of several important causes, at the July session of the Circuit Court of the United States to be holden by Judge Trimble, at Columbus, the seat of Government of Ohio, among them the "Great Colombus Cause" as it was called, it was supposed would assemble the elite of the Western Bar. Curiosity to see and hear some of these distinguished men, especially Philip Dodderidge and Henry Baldwin, induced me, then a young adventurer just come to the bar, to the new city middle aged over my head, our mode of travelling the extent, and rode up to the capitol. The miles I had formed of the two individuals, above named in particular, the feelings with which I thought of and regarded them, perhaps I could not at this time faithfully describe, and probably not at any time, without subjecting myself to the chance of being regarded an enthusiast. I had learned to descriptions of the display of their great talents, their eloquence and learning in the Supreme Court of the U. S. on the floor of Congress, and views here, the one having been at the time I speak, confessedly at the head of the western Bar, and the other equally at the head of the western Bar, and the other equally at the head of the western Bar of Virginia, and my imagination had as far been active with the incidents I had learned touching their professional career, that it required little beside the ex- gle tempe amount of y- uth, to supply a credulity that should pass them scarcely be- th the gods themselves. Lady Morgan in her book of the Dodderidge, in speaking of her leanings in reference to Emmet before she had seen him, and while she only knew him through his great reputation as an advocate, describes very nearly what was mine in reference to the individuals above named. Like her- on, perhaps (a thing inevitable) in candor I should confess I was doomed in the result to undergo somewhat of a disappointment; for even great men are not gods after all, but very far from it. And if there are any who would still desire to doubt this truth, let me advise them to continue to gaze at the illusion by distance, listen to the sayings of the oracle without examining too nicely the means by which she delivers herself. But still these were great men—were, for poor Dodderidge is now no more—and these and many others I could name, I yet feel possessed virtues, great talents, and rare endowments, in such a degree as not only to deserve high praise, but calculated to excite the warmest emulation in the bosoms of those who can become inspired by great examples, or are willing to furnish the humble tribute of their admiration as an offering at the shrine of genius.

I propose giving a few recollections of several clever men I met, and of some of the little incidents that crowded themselves into the short space of the week I attended the court.

Should my memory s- ply me with sufficient to give any interest to these brief sketches, especially among any portion of the profession, I may be induced at leisure moments to continue them, and to extend them to other scenes and other actors than those here embraced. And as I shall speak of no one but with the utmost candor, and with the strictest regard to truth, so none can reasonably object, I trust, to the introduction of their names, a thing that is done every day in the European journals, in reference to the bar, whose professional characters indeed as introduced by themselves, are almost as much before the public as the character of the statesman or politician.

Dodderidge then, to give some idea of his appearance, was at the time I met him, I should say about fifty years of age. His stature rather low, his figure portly, light eyes, light hair which he wore with a cue, and the expression of his countenance was most mild and benevolent. His head was very large and set down between his shoulders apparently almost without the intervention of a neck. I first met him at the tea table. Some of those who knew him well got him engaged in conversation. Dodderidge drank tea and talked—and ye powers how he did talk! Both in conversation and tea-drinking, he would have been a match for Doctor Johnson any day. The subject was European history, and European politics. His memory was used at the time with the ease of his mind. I recollect of hearing my old Preceptor say that Dodderidge could give from memory, the date of every important English Treaty from the Charter of Runnimead, down; and old Mr. James Pike related to me the following additional instance of his powers, in this way. Pike said he was a Juror in a very important Land Cause, tried at Chilhcothe, which occupied the space of a week or more, where Dodderidge was one of the Counsel. There were some fifty or sixty witnesses examined, many of them in reference to lines, boundaries, &c. the most technical kind of evidence, and that Dodderidge never wrote so much as the name of a witness, but that when he came to speak he could go over both the stories of the witnesses, and their testimony as familiarly as though it had all been written down, and committed to memory; that more than once where there was a dispute about what the witness had said, Dodderidge would repeat the testimony in the identical words of the witness himself. It was no doubt, in part, the result of long practice in this way (generally the best) of trying causes.

But in reference to his colloquial powers, I never heard any man converse with the same ease, fluency and eloquence more, I never heard any man that I thought as powers of conversation, could be said fairly to compare with Philip Dodderidge. It was the same description of eloquence he used at the bar, the very same as to manner, for his manner there was essentially colloquial. His voice was strong, clear and musical. It cost him no effort to talk, words seemed to flow as naturally as the breath from his [illegible] never coming out." His extensive reading particularly in history, and his observation and intercourse with the world, stored by an powerful a memory, had supplied him with a never ending fund of anecdote, with which to enliven and illustrate whatever he talked about, and it made very little difference to him what the subject was, though if left to himself, the "lawyer," as the lawyers say, would be likely to be laid somewhere in the old Dominion, and some portion of his political history, or some of the distinguished men form part of the theme of conversation. In this he was a true Virginian.

Dod ridge had no idea of economy; he seemed in no degree to appreciate the value of money; when he had it, was profuse to the greatest degree of extravagance. As an instance I recollect while at Columbus, he went one morning to market and bought two young Fawns which he had brought round to the Hotel, saying he had purchased them for his children, and proposed hiring a hack to send them forthwith over to Wellsburg, his residence, a distance of some two hundred miles!

Speaking of the market, reminds me, we passed a most merry evening in the market-house, over the market, and to which Dodderidge contributed as usual, his part. A strolling company of players had opened there, and with a view of giving them a dollar we all went. I forget the play, but the poor creatures mouthed it so horribly, I recollect we soon got very tired of it. There was no curtain in front of the stage, or the part occupied by the players, for we were all on the same floor. but some blankets in the rear formed the partition for the green-room, behind which the actors retired at the close of each act. While they were out, when about half through the play, and the audience were being entertained by a single violin, which composed the orchestra, a curly headed little negro excited by the music, began to beat time with his feet, which Dodderidge observing, incidents by took occasion to remark to some of those round him, upon the correctness of the ear of the African for music; their taste, and talent in this respect, and which he compared to that of the Germans or Italians. And to prove that coffee, would not miss a note, but touch every one with feel or toe, he called upon the boy to stand out and dance. The negro danced the Juga, he double Shuffle, the Fisher's hornpipe, and in short [illegible] he had received his accomplishments, I believe, in old Virginia. The audience applauded, and cried encore! The actors in the mean time appeared, and endeavoured to go on with the play, but in vain, they were hissed and interrupted, and coffee, told to stop to his work. The sovereigns had declared in favor of the Africans, and the sons of Thespis, "Mobbed Queens," and all, had the mortification of seeing themselves and the "legitimate drama" fairly supplanted for that night, by the hero of the *black* business.

Dodderidge, I recollect, during the court, was concerned in an important chancery case, and I may here remark, trifling as it may seem, though I have recollected it for seven years, that he shewed his brief which I had prepared in the case to several of the profession, and seemed to challenge for it their admiration, and I thought seemed more proud of it than almost any [illegible] No doubt it had cost him days and nights labour, and probably all the powers of his great mind had been exercised, and as he thought successfully in putting his case on a few sheets of paper. Tom Irwin was opposed to him in the case, and he too had made ample preparation, knowing the great Philip Dodridge, as he was very often called in the west, was be his antagonist. It was Corwin's first appearance this court, and he felt as he told me, some anxiety the result; and when I endeavoured to give him encouragement, he assured me he could not even in his case called without feeling a perfect tremor as over him—though C. at this time had been several years at the bar. This nervous sensitiveness perhaps may be regard as one of the evidences of genius, mainly it is often attendant upon it. The cause at length was called, there were few in court, but I sat by friend waiting with almost as much anxiety as he [illegible] feel himself, to witness the result. But I knew Tom got over the flurry of the first ten minutes all right, for by that time he would begin to feel himself, and I was sure as Sheridan said of himself, "put on his mind and would come out." And as I suspected a few minutes sufficed to relieve him from a painful embarrassment and he proceeded in the next one hour [illegible] to deliver one of the most able and eloquent [illegible] arguments I ever listened to. I have always ranked it as a *chef d'œuvre*, as the most perfect of the kind taken in all its parts, I ever heard at the bar. Dodridge was delighted—and more, for [illegible] he had incidentally introduced the name of Chancellor Wythe, and took occasion in a few words to announce a deserved eulogy upon the character of that very great and good man and able chancellor—and [illegible] quite won Dodridge's heart, for the memory of Mr. Wythe, I believe, is universally cherished by the Virginia Bar. The court adjourned and Dodridge could [illegible] the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine at [illegible] with his friend Tom Corwin, or, as after the [illegible] had circulated a little, he more familiarly called [illegible] friend "black Tom Corwin." An objective [illegible] by, the application of which it must be confessed might not seem to be altogether compatible first pressing, however, that my friend does really belong to the "race of the pale faces."

The wine circulated freely; Dodridge enjoyed a friend's cause as much as his own,—either of which, unfortunately, would sometimes powerfully have tempted him to worship that heathen god who has secured more victims, alas! than the Juggernaut itself. At the [illegible] going to al most poor D. arose, or rather leaned on the table, support ed by the little table in front of him, and commenced with his argument; but he had not spoke many minutes when the judge, in a manner the most delicate, and with such address as to deserve many as to the real object, and so dexterously among them poor D. himself,—using his eyes one of the clouds and after apparently watching the motion of the clouds for a moment, turned to Mr. D. de dge and begin d him to be as good as to suspend his argument for the present; then addressing the marshal told him forthwith, to adjourn the court, for that the clouds indicated wind and the building was in an exposed situation. The court was adjourned, and poor D. spared alike the embarrassment of proceeding, thus after dinner, with his argument, or the mortification of having any m- asures ostensibly taken for his convenience. I am aware that those who prefer the austere and rigid virtues of a Cato the younger to a more liberal principle, will possibly find mate ri- l cause to censure on the one side, and less to admire on the other, than the narrator of this little incident may seem to do.

Dodderidge in the re- me of the evening resumed his argument and an able argument it was. Doddridge always highly interesting without being very sententious. I heard one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States say, that there was no man came into court he listened to with more pleasure than to Dodridge. He was unquestionably a great Lawyer, and the addition and ability he displayed in the Convention that framed the late Constitution of Virginia, in leading the opposition to the West against Leigh and his friends on the question of the basis of representation, showed he might have become equally distinguished as a Statesman. He was a member of Congress at the time of his death, which happened at Washington in the winter of 1832.

To be Continued.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, February 7.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in this paper, unless paid for in advance.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have received an article signed EQUALITY, in relation to a resolution recently passed by the Horticultural Society, which requires that all fruits and vegetables brought for competition from New Jersey, must be fourteen days in advance of those from Pennsylvania. We know nothing of the circumstance, and cannot insert the article, as it comes from an anonymous source.

"Hope (usually disappointed," by the MOHAWK BARD, is too long for our prescribed limits and extensive correspondence.

"To Emma," and the lines by "O. P. Q." will meet attention.

"Music," and "Lines on Cincinnati," are too incorrect for publication.

"Consanguinity and Coquetry," by E. C. S., is received, and will be inserted shortly.

The Essay by G., will be published.

The line s by ANN EZRA would read extremely well in an album, but as a newspaper they might elicit unfavorable criticism. We deem it prudent to suppress them.

We furnish to-day the first of a series of "Sketches of the Western Bar," which are promised us by a young but accomplished friend of this city, himself a promising member of the profession. It is vigorously drawn, and will be read with interest.

Some of the Boston papers are publishing articles purporting to be extracts from Miss Kemble's journal, which, evidently, are impositions. The imitation of style in most of the extracts we have seen, is wretched. Is not this proceeding unfair?

A Bond called the "Commissioners of the Watch," in Liverpool, Eng., among other duties, are charged with the duty of extinguishing fires. They procure engines and employ men to work them, and send in a bill of expenses to the insurance offices. For extinguishing a recent fire the charge was £399. 17s. 9d.

"Some passages in the life of Sir Fizzle Pumpkin: "The Pic-Nic and other tales," is the title of a volume just published by Carey & Hart of this city. Among the tales are several which have already appeared in print, but they are of that kind and description that do not suffer by a second reading. The volume is a delightful book for a leisure hour.

The author of "Miserrimus" has published another work entitled "The Coquette," in three volumes, just published by Carey & Hart, which we doubt not will prove eminently popular with the readers of fiction. It is written with power, and abounds in scenes of strife and terror, very skilfully painted. The characters are well developed, and the plot is one of much interest.

GRISWOLD'S LOG.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have just published, in one volume, "Leaves from my Log-Book, by Charles Griswold, M. D." It is a book of adventures on the sea, battles, defeats, victories, arrests and escapes, and embraces a variety of amusing and interesting incidents, wrought up with skill and effect.

The Knickerbocker for February has just appeared, filled with original communications of a very interesting character. Among the contributors we notice the names of Miss M. A. Browne, Mrs. E. C. Embury, S. L. Knapp, B. B. Thatcher, Dr. Bird, W. G. Clark, M. Carey and others, a sufficient guarantee that the contents are interesting. The work increases in value monthly.

TANNER'S ATLAS CLASSICA.

No. 2, of Mr. Tanner's Classical Atlas, has just made its appearance, in the usual elegant style of workmanship. This number contains—1, a Map of the World, as peopled by the descendants of Noah; 2, Map of the Empire of Charlemagne; 3, a Map of the Roman Empire; a Map of Asia Minor, Antique; 5, a Chrono-Genealogical Chart of the First Age of the world.

The lover of ancient history, and the student, cannot fail being gratified and interested in the examination of the relative situations of the towns, kingdoms and people that figured in ancient story, entering and departing from the stage on the great drama of the world. We do not covet the feelings and tastes of those enlightened individuals, who, having the means to possess themselves of these beautiful exemplifyers history, pass them by unnoticed and unknown.

Part 8, of the Franklin Library, just published, gives the conclusion of Tylney Hall, Hood's popular novel of and a domestic tale called "Three Nights in a Life Time," by the author of "Inishtarick." This is a cheap publication, and the selection of works gives evidence of taste.

Lady Morgan's "Princess, or the Beguine," has just appeared from the Press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard. We have been unable to find time for the perusal of more than the first chapter, but feel satisfied that the work will not disappoint those who are acquainted with Lady Morgan's talents as a writer. The scene is laid partly in London and in part on the continent, where the sisterhood called the *Beguines*, play a prominent figure.

COMMUNICATION.

"Mr. T.," says Ned, "don't you think marriage, without money, rather dull?"

"You are too paradoxical, Ned; who ever heard of a couple perpetuating marriage without money—eh! my boy?"

"No paradox at all, friend T., and I'll prove it. I have seen a couple bound in the thrall of 'double blessedness,' by a country justice; nor could they raise a shilling in *joint meeting* to pay Hymen his fees."

"Granted, Ned, granted; and yet they had money!"

"How so—what kind of money?"

"Why—matri-mony!"

Quiz.

A disgraceful pugilistic contest took place near New York, on Tuesday last, between and Englishman and an individual from this city. The New York Gazette of Wednesday says:

In coming down Broadway, last evening, between daylight and dark, we met a dense crowd. Our curiosity was so highly excited, that we addressed one of them, and enquired the cause. He said, we have just returned from the great fight between M'Lean, from Philadelphia, and Reed an Englishman; and to our further enquiries, he informed us, that the pugilists were occupied one hour and three quarters in fighting forty six rounds; that Reed, who was the most hurt, won the $1000; that he was so badly hurt, that he was carried on board of the steamboat, deranged, and doubts are entertained of his recovery; that M'Lean was able to walk to the boat, but was very much bruised; that if the parties live, they are to fight another battle two months hence. The battle ground was in Jersey, opposite Staten Island, near the Blazing Star. Previous to the close of the fight, a Jersey officer read the Riot Act, but no arrests were made.

It is high time that measures were taken for putting a stop to these brutal prize fights, for surely nothing can be more revolting to the feelings of every virtuous member of the community.

The crowded state of the Walnut street theatre during the late exhibitions of Zanthe, reminds us of a story related to us some years ago, by a gentleman who was present in the Chesnut street theatre on the first night of Cooke's appearance. He said that the crowd was so closely pressed together in the place where he stood, that a man could hardly distinguish which was his own head, and that in taking a pinch of snuff he found that he had actually put it to the nose of another man.

From the U. S. Telegraph of Saturday.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT.

As the procession was moving from the House of Representatives, just as the President, assisted by the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy had passed through the Rotunda of the platform of the East portico an individual approached him, drew a pistol, and snapped it at the President. He immedia ely drew a second pistol, with which he also snapped. He was arrested, carried before Judge Cranch, and committed to jail, until he may find surety in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

Upon inquiry we find that the offender is a native of England, who came to this country some years ago a minor, that he was bound an apprentice to a painter, with whom he served his time. We saw and conversed with Mr. Purdy, to whose service he was lately employed, and learn that he was melancholy and was supposed to be partially deranged. We also learn that of late he has been extremely quarrelsome, to such so that his brother-in-law was compelled to turn him from his house, and he assigned to one witness as a cause for his assault, that the President had killed his father.

It is a remarkable fact that the pistols were well charged with fine powder, and ball, and not both about snap although successive caps were discharged on both. The supposition of some is that the pistols were *prepared for the occasion* and that the whole matter was a scene got up for effect—of others that the man was crazy, while others say that the President has still alleged that the offender had been bribed by a disappointed merchant to assassinate him. We incline to the opinion that the man was deranged.

From the National Intelligencer.

The funeral of the late unfortunate WARREN R. DAVIS, of S. Carolina, took place yesterday from the Capitol, according to previous arrangement. The gloom of the day rendered the occasion yet more gloomy. Neither House of Congress transacted business afterwards; the Senate adjourning over to Monday.

An occurrence took place at the close of the ceremony at the Capitol which produced unusually a great sensation at the time, which can be heard by no one without shuddering, and which, if the consequences had been equal to the appa ent purpose, would have signalized the day by a horrible catastrophe.

[We were not witnesses of it, and, in our account of it, speak from information, but from information entirely to be relied on.]

As the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, who was present at the solemn ceremony of the funeral, came into the portico of the Capitol from the Rotunda, a person stepped forward from the crowd into the space in front of the President, and *snapped a pistol at him*, the percussion cap of which exploded without igniting the charge! This person was struck down by a blow from Lieutenant GEDNEY, of the Navy, who happened to be near; he also received a blow prompt ly aimed at him by M. Secretary WOODBURY; but, before receiving either blow, *snapped a second pistol* at the President. The rap of the lock also exploded with a *charge of the charge!* The perpetrator of this daring outrage was of course immediately seized and taken in custody by the Marshal of the District, by whom he was carried to the City Hall, where he underwent an examination before Chief Justice CRANCH. His name, it appears, is RICHARD LAWRENCE, by trade a painter, a resident for two or three years in the first ward of this city, and former ly of George-town. The gentlemen whose testimony was taken before the Judge, were Mr. Secretary WOODBURY, Mr. Secretary DICKERSON, Mr. BURD, Representative from Pennsylvania; Mr. RANDOLPH, Sergeant at Arms of the House, Mr. KINGMAN one of the Reporters for the National Intelligencer, and Lieutenant GEDNEY. The Pistols, which had been secured by Mr. BURD, were of brass, and, on examination in court were found to be well loaded with powder and ball, which our readers would suppose, until the fact is stated, could hardly have been possible. How extraordinary (and O how lamentable!) the failure of the evident design of this miserable maniac,) for so he must be considered, under all the circumstances,) against the life of the President! We say he is a maniac, because the act shews him to be insane, and not because any evidence of his insanity was produced on his examination though we have heard that he has been heretofore confined for acts of violence and eating an unsound mind.

On his examination, the unhappy man declined making any explanation or cross-examining the witnesses. We have heard no rational motive even conjectured for his crime.

The offence being a bailable one, and excessive bail being forbidden, that was demanded to the amount of a thousand dollars, for want of which the prisoner was committed for trial, the Judge determining that if he had been able to give bail, sufficient securities would have been required, in addition, to insure his good behaviour. He will be tried, of course, at the next term of the court.

ATTEMPT ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

From the Globe.

We attended the examining court immediately after the event. The Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Navy, Col. Bard, of the House, Mr. Kingman, and Lieutenant Gedney, all of whom witnessed the act, were examined, and gave a more minute detail of the circumstances above stated.

Mr. Randolph, the Sergeant of the House, who attended the Marshal to conduct the prisoner to the City Hall for examination, gave in testimony that the prisoner, when asked by Mr. Marshal what motive he had for committing the act, replied, that President had killed his father. The father was an Englishman, who died many years ago in this city. The son himself was apprenticed afterwards to a Mr. Clark, with whom he lived three years. Mr. Clark, when called upon, said, that he was a young man of excellent habits, sober and industrious; that he had seen him very frequently, and was well acquainted with him since he had left his family, and had heard nothing to his disadvantage, until of late he was informed that he was quarrelsome among his friends, and had treated one of his sister's badly.

The total absence of any personal motive on the part of the prisoner to commit the deed he attempted, has suggested the idea that he must be insane. There was however, no evidence given in the examination to authorize the supposition, although several persons, intimately acquainted with him, and who boarding in the same house with him, gave evidence upon the occasion. The demeanour of the prisoner when committing the act—when he was seized—and when under examination, bore not the slightest appearance of phrensy or derangement of any sort. When asked by the Court if he wished to cross-examine the witnesses, or to make explanation, he answered in the negative—and that those who had seen the act could state the facts—and at the conclusion, when asked if he had any thing to offer, said that he could not contradict what had been given in evidence.

The prisoner is a handsome young man, well dressed, and prepossessing in his countenance. He appeared perfectly calm and collected in the midst of the excitement and anxiety which pervaded around him—and the President, in conversing with us, since the event, observed, that his manner, from the moment his eye caught his, was firm and resolved, until the failure of his last pistol, when he seemed to shrink rather than resist.

We were informed by Mr. Wilson, the keeper of the Rotunda, that he had frequently observed this man about the Capitol—as frequently that he had become an object of curiosity to him—that he had endeavored to draw him into conversation, but found him taciturn and unwilling to talk. Whether Lawrence has caught, in his visits to the Capitol, the maniacal which has prevailed during the two last sessions in the Senate whether he has become infatuated with the chimeras which have troubled the brains of the disappointed and ambitious orators who have depicted the President as a Cæsar who ought to have a House—as a Cromwell—a Nero—a Tiberius, we know not. If the secret conspiracy has prompted the perpetration of the horrid deed, we think it next improbable that some delusion of intellect has grown out of the visits to the Capitol, and that hearing declamation and every horrible manifest threatened to the republic, and revolution and all its train of calamities imputed as the necessary consequence of the President's measures, it may be that the infatuated man fancied he had resolved to become his country's avenger. If he had heard and *believed* Mr. Calhoun's speech the day before yesterday, he would have found in it a single justification for his attempt on one, who was represented as the cause of the most dreadful calamities to the nation—as one who made perfect rottenness and corruption to pervade the vitals of the government—inasmuch that it was scarcely worth preserving, if it were possible.

Judge Cranch saw nothing in the conduct of the prisoner, or in the evidence, to suggest the idea that he labored under any mental malady. He entered up an order that he should be bailed if he could give security in $1000. The District Attorney said that the atrociousness of the crime attempted, should induce his honor to require bail in a higher penalty.—The Judge assented to this, but as the constitution, he said, provided that excessive bail should not be demanded, he could not require a bond for more than $1500! So, if any of our patriots should think fit to furnish this sum to stand the forfeiture, we may have the desperate man with new weapons of destruction at the next session.

We attended the court—and being asked to examine the lead in one of the pistols, drew out with a screw a ball, of which about sixty would make a pound. I was well patched and forced down tight on a full charge of excellent grained powder. How the caps could have exploded without firing the powder, remains to us. Providence has ever guarded the life of the man who has been destined to preserve and raise his country's glory, and maintain the cause of the people. In the multitude of instances in which he has hazarded his person for his country, it was never in more imminent danger than on yesterday, when, in a funeral procession, followed by his Cabinet—the Senate—and the Representatives of the people.

The effects of bad company.—A young man named Aden C. Monthot, a carman, formerly in the employ of Ireland & Caswell, was brought up on a charge of having to get the name of that firm to a check of fifty dollars, which was cashed by Mr. John Duncan, of Broadway, to whom he presented the check, saying he was in want of money, and that being after bank hours, he knew not where to obtain it. Mr. Duncan not doubting the truth of the story, gave him the money. It appears he has been guilty of the same trick to a number of cases. He acknowledged his guilt, attributing his present situation to the influence of bad company, being led to drink and gamble by a number of young men, who, in the capacity of "volunteers" to the firemen, assemble in the engine houses and spend their nights in drink and cards. He was to have been married on Sunday.—*N. Y. Star.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The large new Presbyterian Church, in Pike township, Chester county, was consumed by fire on the night of the 20th inst. The Pottstown Gaz tte states that it is supposed to have been set on fire with the connivance of a part on of the members in consequence of dissatisfaction with their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Goudy.

The quantity of wheat flour inspected in the city of New York between the 27th of February, 1834, and the 1st of January, 1835, was 1,202,178 barrels, besides 42,185 half barrels.

The Number of Presbyterian Congregations in the United States according to the returns for 1831, a 2648—Preachers 2051—Communicants 241,564.

A new post-office has been established at Reynoldsville, (generally known as Fisch's Corners,) in the town of Seipo, Cayuga county, N. Y., and Spencer R. Doman appointed post-master.

The New York Councils have requested the Mayor to call a meeting to devise means for the relief of the revolutionary soldiers residing in that city.

We understand that the old Coffee House, in Second street above Walnut, has been rented by a native and enterprising individual, who intends to fit it up and occupy it as an extensive Hotel and Boarding House.

A daily line of steamboats is in contemplation at Pittsburgh, to run between that city and Louisville.—Should it thus be accomplished, it will greatly augment the travelling on the Pennsylvania Canal. Invalids, aged persons and young children, who have from the most down to Wheeling may then be able to go all the way to New Orleans, by water, with the exception of a short distance on the Portage railroad.

It is stated that Mad. Celeste cleared six thousand dollars at the Bowery Theatre, in twenty-nine successive nights, and at Philadelphia, in twelve successive nights, three thousand more. Mr. Hamblin cleared on the second dollars by her first engagement.

Commendable Enterprise.—We learn that the sum of fifty thousand dollars has already been subscribed for the purpose of establishing a line of steamboats to tow vessels up and down the Delaware. A most commendable enterprize, and one that will greatly advantage the commerce of Philadelphia.

The course pursued by our Legislature in excluding Mr. Penn the editor of the Harrisburgh Telegraph, from the House of Representatives, has produced considerable excitement among the political friends of that gentleman.

Mr. Penn himself says:—"As an evidence of the interest felt here, on the subject of our exclusion from the House, we need only state, that *rising of two thousand extra copies of the last Telegraph were sold at this office*, and several hundred more would have been disposed of if we had had them."

The number of new buildings erected in the city of New York, as appears by the report of the city Inspector, during the past year, is *eight hundred and eighty three*; and they are nearly all of brick. 303 were also erected in the 11th Ward alone.

Mr. Duffy, who is building the theatre at Buffalo, offers a silver cup, worth fifty dollars, for a poetical address, not less than forty or more than sixty lines, to be delivered at the opening.

The Legislature of Rhode Island adjourned yesterday week, after having passed an act repealing the law requiring a choice of U. S. Senator to be made at the January session, and leaving the choice to be made at a future session.

A man named Rice, belonging to the town of Hollston, about 20 miles from Boston, was killed by the shattering of a swivel, which he had been firing on the ice, where he had assembled with others for the purpose of partaking of a clam feast.

The Harrisburg Reporter affirms that already *sixty three* delegates to the Fourth of March Convention have been elected, and other instructed or recommended to vote for Governor Wolf.

A bill prohibiting the circulat on of bank notes, of a less denomination than five dollars, was passed in the Senate of Ohio by a vote of 23 to 11.

The Legislature of Alabama have by a small majority, passed a law prohibiting the circulation of bank notes under five dollars.

An interesting exhibition of the scholars of Mr. Friedlander, the principal of the Institute for the education of the Blind, was given on Friday in the Assembly at Trenton. It is said there are upwards of 200 blind persons in New Jersey; and the object of Mr. Friedlander was to turn the attention of the Legislature to that subject.

A Fish story.—We are informed that on Tuesday or Wednesday last 120,000 lbs. of rock and perch were caught at the head of Barnegat Bay, N. J. 40,000 lbs. we caught at one haul. This is rather a tough story; but from the character of our informants we are constrained to give it credence.

A Military Convention assembled at Worcester, Mass. on the 28th ult., for the purpose of taking into consideration the existing Militia Laws of that State.

Female hair dressers are recommended in the Philadelphia papers for ladies. The pleasantest shave I ever had was from a pretty barberess, in France; but it was dangerous. "If you look at me so attentively I shall cut you—shut your eyes." At Sag Harbor the best barber in the town some years ago was a woman.—*Noah.*

An effort is about to be made by a number of enterprising individuals for an act of incorporation authorizing a com any to light the city of Montreal with gas.

New Theatre in Buffalo.—Mr. Duffy, manager of the Albany company, is building a new Theatre, one hundred feet by fifty, in Buffalo, and expects to have it for performances in the month of May.

Freezing to Death.—The body of Mr. John Glass was found a few days since on the ice, between the village of Newburgh and Low Point, the place of the unfortunate man's residence. Coroner's inquest—Death by freezing.

Benjamin Brown, Esq. of Vassalborough, has generously offered to the Legislature of Maine, a site for the establishment of an Ins ane Hospital, and a donation of six thousand dollars for the e ection of such an Institution.

One of the Boston papers gives the following comparative view of the mortality in the cities of Boston and Baltimore, during the past year:

	Present Population.	Deaths in 1834.	Ratio
Baltimore	80,000	2,747	1 in 33
Boston	70,000	1,551	1 in 45

By that, as will be seen, while in Baltimore in every 1000 inhabitants there are 30 deaths, in Boston there are only 22, which is certainly a very remarkable difference.

Rebellion.—We learn from the Scioto Gazette, that the germ of rebellion has broken out among the students of Lane Seminary, in Ohio; a theological school under the control of the Presbyter an Church in that State.

The members of the New York House of Assembly consists of 23 Lawyers, 10 Doctors, 65 Farmers, 21 Merchants, 1 Currier, 1 Book binder, 1 Carman, 1 Saddler, 1 Ship Joiner, 1 Car enter, and 3 *Gentlemen of leisure.*

A c tored boy about 13 years of age, a tending a threshing machine at Hopewell, Ontario county, accidentally fell into the machine, and before he could be extricated, the hand and part of the arm were torn off. His arm was amputated by Dr. Bristol, and the patient was doing well.

The construction of a canal from Lake Michigan to the Illinois river in preference to a rail road, seems to meet with the general concurrence of the inhabitants of that part of the country.

The Baltimore Republican, with the professions of democracy upon its lips, publish s, among other proposals, a re commendation to reduce the number of the House of Delegates to forty or fifty, and to prolong their term of service to two years!

In the Boston Commercial Gazette of Thursday, we find the following concluding paragraph in a letter from Washington:

"It is said that Mr. Webster will be nominated for the Presidency, by the Whig members of Congress, before the close of the session."

Lead.—From the 30th September, 1833, to 30th Sept. 1834, there were shipped in Missouri between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 pounds of lead.

Mobile.—This flourishing city is now said to be increasing more rapidly than ever. The Yellow Fever which did so much to arrest its progress a few years since, has not made its appearance for the last three years. As an evidence of the present importance of the place, a Mobile paper of the sixth instant states that six hundred and eighty two letters were mailed in the Post Office of that city the previous day, all to go by the Eastern mail.

The Cotton Gin.—Mr. William S. Cooley, of Norwich, Conn., has taken out a patent for certain improvements in this invaluable machine, which are said to be very important. He is making arrangements for the manufacture of them in Norwich, and for their sale in this city.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

Professor Longfellow.—We have seen in several of our exchange papers unofficial mentions made of the appointment of this gentleman to the Professorship of Modern Languages in Harvard University. We understand that this is true, but that he will not enter upon its duties until he has spent a year in Europe.

Lamentable suicide.—Mr. John Gordon, a literary gentleman of high attainments, and formerly editor of the Globe newspaper, put a period to his existence by hanging himself on Tuesday last, at his house Charlotte street, London. The unfortunate gentleman had been laboring under some aberration of mind for some time.—*English paper.*

Mr. Mallet the aeronaut is in N. York, and is about making an ascension in the *central balloon* lately invented by him. He is making experiments with wings and sails attached to balloons, and hopes to accomplish the desideratum of guiding these aerial cars by these means though the attempts to do so, failed so completely at Paris.

Lord Brougham has set out for Italy, whence he does not intend to return till the meeting of Parliament.

We perceive by the Galenian, that the inhabitants of the Upper Mississippi Land Mines suffered also, as to what have been expected on that cold region, from the late severe weather in the beginning of January. The editor thus alludes to it in his paper of Jan. 6.—

"Sure frosts, frosty mornings, cold homes, and cold eyes, will, we hope, serve as an ample apology for the late hour at which the Galenian appears."

Mr. Buckingham, M. P. the inexorable opponent of drunkenness and distilled liquors, speaks of sorrow given to him at Glasgow, when 60 or 700 persons were present, and nothing offered but coffee, fruits, &c. He contrasts this with the last ly scenes which ensued at the Durham dinner—and recommends ladies to be introduced at the dinner table to preserve sobriety.

A New Haven paper says the quantity of game killed during the past season, it was learned, had almost exceeded them from our shooting grounds. A number of gentlemen have, however, preserved a quantity of partridges, quails, rabbits, &c., which they intend letting loose at the proper season.

The editor of the Louisville Journal has adopted an excellent method of avoiding the personal controversies which so often crop into the journals of the south and west. He has determined upon charging two dollars a square for every publication of the kind.

Major Andrew Hamilton, a soldier of the Revolution died at Abbeville, S. C. on the 24th year of his age. He was at the battle of Eutaw Springs, and served at the encampment where Cornwallis came to the south during the war of Independence.

A house situated in Greene county, Pa., and occupied by Mr. Clement Masters, an aged citizen, was consumed by fire a few nights since, and melancholy to relate, Mr. W. *perished in the flames!* How the fire originated is unknown, as the house and its unfortunate occupant were both nearly consumed before the fire was discovered by any of the neighbors.

Heavy Damages.—In one of the parish courts of New Orleans, a verdict of five thousand dollars was obtained by A. R. Smith, an appraiser in the custom house, against Peter K. Wagner, for having written a libellous letter to the Secretary of the Treasury impeaching his official and private character.

Mrs. Hemans.—We are sorry to learn, says the Knickerbocker, that the health of this gifted lady was, early in November, in a very declining state. She had been for some weeks so ill, as to be in no condition to make any efforts in her favorite pursuit of poetry. A few specimens of illustrations, in the measure of sonnets, comprise all the effusions that have for several months past proceeded from her pen.

The Commercial Advertiser says:—"It was reported at Washington the other day, that Mr. Charles Biddle, late of Tennessee, and a brother of the President of the Bank of the United States, will soon be nominated to the Senate for the office of Governor of Michigan."

A steam frigate of 40 guns and 120 horse power has arrived at Alexandria from England, for the service of the Viceroy. Thus are foreign nations, even barbarians, turning the discovery of Fulton to account, and surpassing even the enterprise of this own countrymen in this mode of applying steam power.

It is in contemplation to give Mr. Howard, the vocalist, a benefit at the Walnut street Theatre next week. Mr. H. is still in an afflicted state, but we are happy to learn, that in the opinion of his physician there is a probability he will be able to resume his professional duties before the expiration of the year.

Tunnel of Cincinnati.—The bold enterprise has been projected at Cincinnati of having a rail road to the Kentucky shore, constructed under the Ohio River. A writer in the Courier, estimates the expence at $200, 00 but we should fear that he had much underrated it, of the ac ordance of the attempted tunnel under the Thames, he takes as our guide.

Route from New Orleans, via Florence and Susan nah.—A meeting of the merchants of Savannah was held Jan. 15th, at which it was resolved to memorialize forthwith on the opening of the books, in the stock of the charter of the "Atlantic and New Orleans Steamboat Line Company," granted by the state of Georgia, $100,000 to be assigned to Savannah, $3,500 to New York, and 75,000 to New Orleans and Mobile. Joseph Cumming, chairman; Wm. Robinson, Secretary.

Driver's Ball.—On Thursday evening of last week the Stage Drivers from other and our, had a Ball at the City Hotel, Providence. It was got up on a style of liberality che acteristic of those open-handed land mariners, and was supported during the evening, with a spirit that made "the moments wing their way with pleasure."

Annual Bill of Mortality at New York.—We have already presented some of the leading facts embraced in the report of the City Inspector for 1833. The document has since been printed, and a copy is before us. Of the whole 968 who died in 1833, 497 were males, and 485 females. Excess of males, 912.

Singular Accident.—As a Mr. Joseph Leavitt of Atkins, Me., was proceeding home last week, at about ten o'clock in the evening, with a young *raccoon* that had been given him, the animal got away from him and ran into a brush fence. Mr. L. went behind the fence to recover the raccoon; and while there, a person who was watching for foxes, perceiving something to be, discharged his gun, loaded deadly with coarse shot, into the boulder and side of the unfortunate man, and wounded him in the most shocking manner. He is not expected to recover.

Mr. Matheus has a short engagement of five nights at the Park Theatre, New York, previous to his departure for England, which will take place on the 16th of February.

British Paupers: the way they get here.—An English woman, and her *six young children*, have been supported for several months past in an almshouse in this vicinity. The husband and father is also hereabouts, is a journeyman mechanic, but found dem or too inef

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Reed, T. Ellis, Chief Clerk of the Exposition, Commission & Forwarding Department.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 6, 1835.

Ashes, pot	100	5 00	5 25
Pot		4 75	5 00
Beeswax			25
Bristles,			31
Cotton, Upland			11
Florida		10	
Alabama		11	12
Feathers, live		60	65
Flaxseed		1	1 25
Flour, Penn.	bbl	5 62½	
Do. Balt. & Rich.		5 75	
Do. Ohio		5 75	
Do. Fredericktown		5 75	
Do. Alexandria		5 75	
Do. Georgetown		5 75	
Do. Fancy brands		6 25	6 50
Do. Rye		4	4 25
Corn Meal,		3 75	
Grain, Wheat, red	bush	1 10	1 12
Do. white		1 15	1 20
Rye		70	75
Corn, yellow		60	62
Do. white		60	62
Oats,		35	37
Barley,		80	85
Beans,		1	1 12
Clover seed,		4	4 50
Timothy,		2	2 25
Flaxseed,		1 50	1 62
Hay,	ton	15	16
Hemp, Am.		190	200
Do. Russia		190	200
Hops,		20	25
Iron, Pig, No. 1		30	31
Do. No. 2		28	29
Do. No. 3		26	27
Do. Blooms		70	75
Do. Bars,		90	95
Do. Hoop		100	105
Do. Sheet		110	115
Do. Nail Rod		100	105
Do. Cast		6	7
Do. Steel,		10	11
Lead, Pig		5	5 50
Do. Bar		6	6 50
Do. Sheet		6	6 50
Do. Shot		6	6 50
Do. White		8	8 50
Do. Red		7	7 50
Leather, Sole, Slaughter		30	33
Do. Dry Hide		15	16
Do. Upper		30	33
Do. Calf Skin		1	1 25
Do. Patent		1	1 25
Do. Morocco		30	33
Do. Roan		20	22
Do. Sheep		20	22
Do. Goat		20	22
Do. Kid		20	22
Do. Lamb		20	22
Do. Bend		30	33
Do. Harness		30	33
Do. Dressed		30	33
Do. Bridle		30	33
Do. Saddle

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A PANEGYRIC ON GREECE.

(Translated from Beranger.)

I hate to sing your hackney'd birds—
So, doves and swans, a truce!
Your nests have been too often stirred;
My hero shall be—in a word—
A goose!

The nightingale, he calls "bulbul,"
By Tommy Moore let loose,
Is grown intolerably dull—
I from the feathered nation cull
A goose!

Can roasted Philomel a liver
Fit for a pie produce;
Those pies that on the Rhine's sweet river
Fair Strasburg bakes. But who's the giver?
A goose!

An ortolan is good to eat,
A partridge is of use;
But they are scarce—whereas you meet
At Paris, ay, in every street,
A goose!

Going to law is very pleasant,
And a sure sign of "News;"
But if you cannot get a pheasant
To give the judge, be then your present
A goose!

When tired of war the Greeks became,
They pitched Troy to the deuce,
Ulysses, then, was not to blame
For teaching them the bottle "game
A goose."

May Jupiter and Bonaparte,
Of thunder less profuse,
Suffer their eagles to depart,
Encourage peace, and take to heart
A goose.

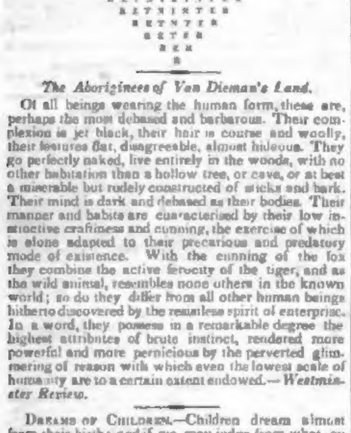
A company of equestrians lately performing at Canandaigua, among the many acts of horsemanship exhibited, was the riding off without paying the printer.

That apt Remarker, Dr. Franklin, observes:—"The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine horses, nor fine furniture."

Dr. South began a sermon on the text "The wages of sin is death" as follows:—"Poor wages indeed, that a man can't live by."

A Scotch political economist being asked the meaning of *metaphysics*, explained it as follows: "When a party who listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himself—*this is metaphysics*."

The editor of the Natchez Courier and Journal, after complimenting the great body of his subscribers for their punctuality, recommends the following short "elegant extract" to the remainder. By beginning with the letter P. in the centre, you can spell "Pay the Printer," by following the letters in one hundred different directions, going up or down, to the right or to the left, and branching off to the right or left at any line you choose.



The Aboriginees of Van Dieman's Land.

Of all beings wearing the human form, these are, perhaps the most debased and barbarous. Their complexion is jet black, their hair is coarse and woolly, their features flat, disagreeable, almost hideous. They go perfectly naked, live entirely in the woods, with no other habitation than a hollow tree, or cave, or at best a miserable but rudely constructed of sticks and bark. Their mind is dark and debased as their bodies. Their manner and habits are characterised by their low instinctive craftiness and cunning, the exercise of which is alone adapted to their precarious and predatory mode of existence. With the cunning of the fox they combine the active ferocity of the tiger, and as the wild animal, resembles none others in the known world; so do they differ from all other human beings hitherto discovered by the remorseless spirit of enterprize. In a word, they possess in a remarkable degree the highest attributes of brute instinct, rendered more powerful and more pernicious by the perverted glimmering of reason with which even the lowest scale of humanity are to a certain extent endowed.—*Westminster Review.*

DREAMS OF CHILDREN.—Children dream almost from their birth; and if we may judge from what, on many occasions, they endure during sleep, we must suppose that the visions which haunt their young minds are often of a very frightful kind.—Children, from many causes, are more apt to have dreams of terror than adults. In the first place, they are peculiarly subject to various diseases, such as teething, convulsions, and bowel complaints, those fertile sources of mental terror in sleep; and, in the second place, their minds are exceedingly susceptible of dread in all its forms, and prone to be acted upon by it, whatever shape it assumes. Many of the dreams experienced at this early period leave an indelible impression upon the mind.—They are remembered in after years with feelings of pain; and blending with the more delightful reminiscences of childhood, demonstrate that this era, which we are apt to consider one unvaried scene of sunshine and happiness, had, as well as future life, its shadows of melancholy, and was not untinged with hues of sorrow and care. The sleep of infancy, therefore, is far from being the ideal state of felicity which is commonly supposed. It is haunted with its own terrors, even more than that of adults; and, if many of the visions which people it are equally delightful, there can be little doubt that it is also tortured by dreams of a more painful character than often fall to the share of after life.—*Mackenzie's Philosophy of Sleep.*

Some time ago, two Wesleyan preachers having occasion to stop in a town in Wales, determined to preach. They therefore sent for the town crier, to proclaim their intention, that a congregation might be assembled. The preachers found it very difficult to make the man perfect in the words he was to use in making proclamation, but that which puzzled him most to remember, was the word *Wesleyan*. However, he thought himself at last prepared, and sallied out with his bell in his hand; but by the time he had got into the street he had again forgotten the principal word in his lesson—ding, ding, ding,—"This is to give notice that two—two—*Welsh Lions* are to preach," &c. &c. Curiosity was raised to its acme—and almost the whole town, young and old, repaired to the appointed place, to hear the *Welsh Lions*. Thus the preachers had tantaliz the congregation they would have had if the man had announced their intentions in the proper terms.

A MAGIC WELL.—At the summit of the Touch Hills, a little to the west of Stirling, and not far from the beautiful cascade at Gilmar's Linn, there is to be seen a pellucid little well, which, in days of yore, was said to possess the remarkable quality of ensuring for a twelve-month the lives of all who drank of its waters before sunrise on the first Sabbath of May. This healing fountain is called St. Corbet's Well. It is now only about a foot deep, and three or four feet in circumference; but the boggy nature of the surrounding ground shows that in ancient times the Hygeian Saint had possessed a more ample chalice for the refreshment of his pilgrim votaries. It is not many years since the superstitious belief in the virtues of this well were abandoned. Some douce dames and hale carles are yet alive in the parish of St. Ringan's, who, in their younger days, made annual pilgrimages to St. Corbet's Well on the auspicious mornings alluded to; and they report, that splendid were the gatherings on these anniversaries. Husbands with their wives, lovers with their sweethearts, young and old, grave and gay, were wont to cover the hill tops in the vicinity of the well, long before "Aurora bright proclaimed the dawn," and each party as they arrived, freely partook of the health-inspiring font. It is even said, that when the nation began to degenerate, "mountain dew" of a less sacred character was sometimes doled out amongst the devotees of St. Corbet; and that his sanctship had rather not have witnessed, especially on a Sabbath morning, some of the frivolities practised among the Touch Hills on these occasions. Some misunderstanding of this kind between the saint and his votaries is believed to have induced him to withdraw the virtues from the well!

Comparative Effects of Different Liquors.—Professor Eaton states, that from observation which he made on the effects of Intemperance, upon different persons, he thinks the following results clearly established. Those who drink cider, wine, cherry, brandy, and cider brandy, present red, blotched, and highly-inflamed surfaces. Those who drink gin, become pale and debilitated. Those who drink rum show a medium aspect. Hence he infers that, although alcohol is always the same, there is something combined with it which gives a different character to its effects; that alcoholic liquors, from succulent fruits, such as grapes, apples, pears, and peaches, have a tendency towards the surface; that the juice from the farinaceous seeds, as wheat, rye, corn, oats, and barley, cause a recession of the fluid towards the heart; and that when alcohol is derived from the herbage of plants, as the stalk of the sugar-cane, its effects are of the opium kind.

FEBRUARY.

——Then came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for season fitting,
Which through the flood before did safely slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round.
Spencer.

This month has Pisces or the fishes for its zodiacal sign. Numa, who was chosen by the Roman people to succeed Romulus as their king, and became their legislator, placed it the second in the year, as it remains with us, and dedicated it to Neptune, the lord of waters. Its name is from the *Februa*, or Feralia, sacrifices offered to the names of the gods at this season. Ovid in his *Fasti* attests the derivation:

In ancient times, purgations had the name
Of *Februa*, various customs prove the same;
The pontiffs from the *rex* and *flamen* crave
A lock of wool; in former days they gave
To wood the name of Februm.
A plant branch cut from a lofty pine,
Which round the temples of the priests they twine.
In Februa called; which if the priest demand,
A branch of pine is put into his hand;
In short, with whatsoe'er our hearts we hold
Are purified, was Februa termed of old;
Lustrations are from hence, from hence the name
Of this our month of February came;
In which the priests of Pan processions made;
In which the lambs were also purified
Of such as had no dirges when they died;
For our religious fathers did maintain
Purgations expiated every stain
Of guilt and sin; from Greece the custom came,
But here adopted by another name;
The Grecians held that pure lustrations could
Efface an impious deed, or guilt of blood.
Weak men; to think that water can make clean
A bloody crime, or any sinful stain.
Massey's Ovid.

Our Saxon ancestors, according to Verstegan, "called February *Sprout-kale*, by kele meaning the kele-wurt, which we now call the colewurt, the greatest *pot-wurt* in time long past that our ancestors used, and the broth made therewith was thereof also called kele; for before we borrowed from the French the name of pottage, and the name of herbe, the one in our owne language was called *kele*, and the other *wurt*; and as this kele-wurt, or pottage-herbe, was the chiefe winter-wurt for the sustenance of the husbandman, so was it the first herbe that in this moneth began to yeeld out wholesome young sprouts, and consequently gave thereunto the name of *Sprout-kele*." The "kele" here mentioned, is the well-known kale of the cabbage tribe. But the Saxons likewise called this month "Solmonath," which Dr. Frank Sayers in his "Disquisitions" says, is explained by Bede "*mensis placentarum*," and rendered by Spelman in an unedited manuscript "*pan-cake* mouth," because in the course of it, cakes were offered by the pagan Saxons to the sun; and "Sol," or "soul," signified "food," or "cakes."

In "The Months," by Mr. Leigh Hunt, he remarks that "if February were not the precursor of spring, it would be the least pleasant season of the year, November not excepted. The thaws now take place; and a clammy mixture of moisture and cold succeeds, which is the most disagreeable of wintry sensations.

From the London Literary Gazette.

CUPID,

In the form of a child, winged, blindfolded, and armed with a bow and arrows, is guided by Folly
—OLD FABLES.

Oh! Love is a queer and wayward boy,
And one knows not how to take him;
Now dull with grief, and now mad with joy,
As the whim of the hour may make him:
Yet it seems to me, that the bards of old,
That so grievously scoff and flout him,
And that prate of his bow and his darts of gold,
Must have known mighty little about him.

For sure if he were such a mischievous god
As to use his friend so sadly,
All hearts would not haste to obey his nod,
And his service seek so madly.
They've painted him, too, as a silly chit,
And folly is set to lead him:
But the knave is cunning enough to outwit
The wisest that would impede him.

A bandage around his eyes is seen—
Oh! how could they be so stupid?
What deity is there that's half so keen,
And so quick of sight, as Cupid?
A thousand things that the vulgar eye
May seek in vain to discover—
A glance, or a blush or a smothered sigh,
Speak volumes to the lover.

Let him view from afar a feather's tip
On his fair one's bonnet floating,
And he'll instantly find beneath the trip
Of the form on which he's doating.
If ever the god any blindness shows,
If ever we can deceive him,
'Tis but when he chooses his eyes to close
On the faults he knows would grieve him.

They've drawn him a pair of wings behind,
And made him forever changing—
From forms that are beauteous, and hearts that are kind,
Ah! who ever found him ranging?
That he at least *one* is more constant grown
The most sceptical must discover;
For when they have once my *** known,
They never will cease to love her.

CAPTURE OF STONY POINT.

BY THE REV. JOHN N. MAFFIT.

A few days before the 16th of July, in the same year, (1779) a tall, commanding personage, mounted on a strong charger, was seen on the eminences above Stony Point. He had a glass in his hand, and appeared to study the character of the defences with an intensity of interest. Johnson, who was returning the gaze of the horseman with his spy glass, turned to one of his staff, and remarked that the apparition on the hill pretended no good. Rumours were afloat about the entrenchments that the same tall figure had been seen across the river on the highest opposite eminence the day before, like a horseman painted against the sky. A cow-boy said this figure was the apparition of Washington, and that it never was seen excepting just before a battle or a thunder storm. But while these idle rumours floated around the atmosphere of the camp, the real Washington from observations made with his own eyes, was concerting a plan for its surprise.

On the night of the 16th of July, by the trembling light of the stars that broke over and through the clouds, two columns of soldiers might have been seen under the brow of the eminence in the rear of the fort. They were the stern men—the silent, though the freemen of New-England. The eagle-eyed Wayne was at their head, and his heart was like that of a lion. The regiments of Febiger and Meigs, with the youthful Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column; Butler's regiment, with two columns under Major Murphy, formed the left. The van of the right was formed of one hundred and fifty volunteers, at whose head stood the brave Fleury; one hundred volunteers under Sheriff, composed the van of the left. And still further advanced, the noblest post of all, stood two "forlorn hopes" of twenty men—one commanded by Lieut. Gibbins, and the other by Lieut. Knox. Wayne stepped from man to man through the van-guards, saw them take their flints from their pieces and fix the death bayonet. At twenty minutes past eleven, the two columns moved to the bloody work before them, one going to the right and the other to the left, to make their attack on opposite sides.

The inhabitants on the eastern side of the river first heard a sharp crashing as the forlorn hope on either side broke in the double row of abattis—the muskets of the sentinels flashed suddenly amidst the darkness, and in a moment the fortress vomited out flames and thunder, as if a volcano had been ignited, and was tossing its lava upwards. The cry of battle, not to be mistaken, shrill, wild, and fearful, broke upon the dull ear of the night. But all was in vain for the fortress. Under the showers of the grape, and full in the red eye of battle, the two glowing, still unwavering columns moved on, and the two van-guards met in the centre of the works. The British made an instant surrender, to avoid the extermination which awaited the deploy of the columns upon the entrenchments. Sixty-three of the British soldiers lay dead at their guns; five hundred and forty-three were made prisoners, and the spoils were two standards, two flags, fifteen pieces of ordinance, and other materials of war. Of the sons of New-England, ninety eight were killed and wounded. Of Lieut. Gibbons' forlorn hope, seventeen were no more. Of Lieut. Knox's about the same number were slain.

JERVIS AND BANNISTER.—The facetious Jekyll, and our old favourite actor, Jack Bannister, dined sometime since with the Hon. Gen. Phipps, in Park-lane, where men of wit and talent do congregate, and are most hospitably received by the gallant general. In the evening, on the company retiring to take coffee, they soon descended a spacious stair-case, and left Jekyll and Bannister behind, who, being two gouty subjects, paused, and rested by mutual consent on the stairs; when the counsellor, first looking at his own legs, and also at Bannister's *legs*, said—"Jack, our friends are all departed, and we are two residuary *leg-a-tees*."

When through misfortune a man is made unable to pay his debts, he should ee dealt with in the most lenient manner; but when poverty is brought on by laziness and inattention to business, or by rum drinking, it should be considered criminal, and punished accordingly. To say that nine-tenths of our insolvents are made so through laziness or drunkenness, would be varying but little from the truth: and while the law remains unaltered, it virtually encourages this mode of living. We hope the attention of the legislature will be directed to this subject, and that they will make such alterations in the present law, as are best calculated to protect the honest and industrious from being defrauded by the idler and the drunkard.—*Delaware Journal.*

HOGISM.—"When are you going to commence the porking business?" asked a person of another who had a sty on his eye.

"Explain," said the afflicted one.

"Why, I see you have got your sty ready."

"True," was the reply, "and I have got one hog in my eye now."—*Bal. Patriot.*

RURAL ECONOMIST.

PRESERVING METALS FROM RUST.

It is strange how slowly improvements and discoveries oftentimes creep over the country, and how long a time it takes for an important fact, which partakes of a little science, to become generally known and applied to practical purposes. Every one knows, or ought to know, that there is such a thing or power in nature as electricity, that there appears to be either two kinds of this fluid, or that some bodies naturally contain an extra quantity, and some are deficient of it, that according to Franklin's theory, bodies which have a surplus of it are said to be positively electrified, and those bad as which lack are said to be negatively electrified, and that those bodies which are positive attract the negative and repel those which are positive, while those that are negative attract the positive and repel the negative; or in other words, the same kind of electricity repels its own kind and attracts the opposite. Every one knows, or ought to know, that there is such a thing as oxygen in the atmosphere, or perhaps better known by the name of vital air. That it is the union of this substance called oxygen which causes some bodies to become oxidized, or if that term smacks too much of "book learning," you may say they become *rusted*.

It is several years since Sir Humphrey Davy discovered the fact, that the *metals* were, as it regards *electricity*, positive, and that this vital air or oxygen was by nature negative, and that according to the laws of *electricity*, the metals had an attraction for oxygen and become rusted. He also discovered the fact that the metals varied somewhat in their characters in regard to their electrical states, and that when two pieces of metals were put in contact, one of them would become *positive* and the other *negative*; of course, according to the laws laid down by Franklin as above mentioned, the metal which would become in a positive state of electricity would attract the oxygen (because it is negative) and be rusted, and the other *metal* would repel it and remain unrusted. A piece of Zinc about the size of a pea would protect 40 or 50 square inches of copper if soldered upon it and plunged into sea water—whereas if the copper were plunged in alone, it would become corroded.

He accordingly concluded that by soldering pieces of zinc to the copper bottom of ships the copper would be preserved as long as the zinc lasted. The experiment was tried; a ship was so prepared and sent out on a long voyage. On her return she was examined, the copper was preserved according to expectation, but an unexpected evil had taken place. The worms and barnacles and sea weeds which, when copper is not thus protected, were prevented from attaching themselves by the bad taste of the copper, as it became corroded and dissolved by the sea water, now finding nothing but a smooth clean surface and no *bad taste*, stuck themselves on in immense numbers and retarded the ship's motions. Thus the matter rested for a long time. Some ingenious surgical instrument makers have recently applied clips of zinc beneath the handles next to the steel, and thus prevented in a great degree the rusting of these articles. But now, gentle reader, brother farmer, brother chip, or whoever thou art, that has gone thus far with us in this brief statement of facts, can this principle be put to no other good uses—could'nt your copper kettle, if you have one, be protected from rust by soldering some zinc here and there? Zinc is cheap and easily procured, and may be renewed, when by shielding the copper it shall become thoroughly oxidized itself. May not your scythe, your hoe or ploughshare have a patch of zinc upon it, and thus be preserved from rusting when had away? Could not your chisels, your axes and tools have a little put upon them by way of an *antirustatic*, and thus be kept bright? Could it not be applied in a thousand useful ways not now thought of? Ponder upon the subject; try the experiment, and let us hear the result.

To Southern and Western Merchants.

Philadelphia
SUSPENDER & STOCK
MANUFACTORY,
No. 6 South Fourth street, below Market.

A. L. VANHORN respectfully informs the Merchants of Southern and Western Merchants, that he manufactures and has constantly on hand an assortment of gum elastic Stock wonder, of the best quality. SUSPENDERS, made in the most approved and improved styles.

Also, silk, satin, velvet, bombazine and fancy STOCKS, made on the best Elastic Frames, & warranted in point of workmanship and shape, to be inferior to none made.

Also, manufactures and has constantly on hand RUSSIAN Rolls, vest straps, gum elastic garters, shoulder braces and garters, corset stiffners, Linen shirt collars and bosoms, and ready made linen bosoms in the greatest variety.

All of the above articles will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail, and country merchants in general are respectfully invited to give him a call, before they purchase, at the old established stand No. 6 South Fourth street.

N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the gross or dozen. Also stocks covered anew, and suspenders repaired.

jan 31—3m

Patent Cough Confection,

Or, the Compound of Sugar of Honey, commonly called Cough Candy, prepared only by J. F. Whitwell, Chemist, Boston, Mass.

THIS article is a complete substitute for the most approved and old remedies for Coughs, Colds, &c. and may be depended on in all cases of Coughs, colds, asthmas, and pulmonary affections which are not of too long standing. The opening quality of the honey is sufficiently counteracted by the spirits of turpentine, and the whole is rendered a very pleasant to the taste, as well as perfectly safe, and may be taken until the stomach becomes cloyed, without the least injury—but a grown person, however, one or two ounces is sufficient at one time. To all persons, especially Singers and Speakers, who are averse to medicines in the common and nauseating forms, this article is particularly recommended. All the essential and valuable properties of the Syrup, are to be found in this confection, and whatever may be derived from the assistance of art.

☞ Touch of the French and American Pneumatic, single or in sets, manufactured by himself, warranted equal to any which can be made by any other manufacturing Dentist.

☞ The subscriber will be ready at all times to demonstrate the utility of the Cement on the Teeth, to such as may be introduced to him with a call at his office.

Every operation performed on the Teeth, as usual.

M. ARNOW BLANKMAN,
No. 251 Walnut street.

N. B.—This Cement is entirely different from the composition advertised by Mr. Crawford.

References—Dr. George M'Clellan, Dr. Rogers, Dr. W. Harris. jan 24—3m

CARPENTER'S
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a combination of such ingredients which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparation, as compounded all the qualities have described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the family and public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all external irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in various cases, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly reduces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this preparation; it is superior to most of the ointments which are extended upon the public, and may be at all times safely employed in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is sent out in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each.

Prepared and sold only by

GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse,
No. 20 South street, Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan. 10, 1835—eotf

Great Improvement in Dentistry.

M. ARNOW BLANKMAN, Surgeon Dentist, (Inventor and Sole of the Mineral Cement,) begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has perfected his invention of a new Cement, by which he is enabled to preserve Teeth in a manner superior to any hitherto practised. The Mineral Cement is pronounced by those who have examined and tested it, (among whom are several eminent physicians in this city) superior to any of the metals or metallic alloys heretofore employed by Dentists. When applied in the cavities of defective teeth, it immediately hardens into a substance like enamel, becomes firm and fixed, and preserves pain and all further decay. It may be applied to stumps of Teeth, so as to render them as useful as the original Teeth themselves. It causes no pain, and never does every purpose that can be derived from the assistance of art.

☞ Teeth of the French and American Pneumatic, single or in sets, manufactured by himself, warranted equal to any which can be made by any other manufacturing Dentist.

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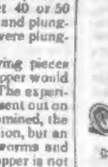
jan. 10, 1835—eotf

Samuel Hutchinson,
Clock & Watch Maker,



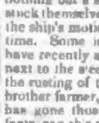
has removed to
No. 231½ MARKET ST.
North Side
One door below the corner of Sixth
PHILADELPHIA.

Where he has for sale an assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Pencil Cases, Purse Clasps, Pen Cases.

☞ Clocks and Watches repaired and warranted.

jan 10—8*

Fountain Green Hotel
FOR SALE.



ON the Columbia Rail Road, about 2½ miles from the city, and about half a mile east of the Bridge at Fairmount, on the north bank of the Schuylkill, near the Philadelphia Ice Company's improvements. This property is one of the most eligible as a genteel and fashionable public resort, of any near the city, and has during the past season, (which is short,) received a very large and respectable portion of the public patronage. It commands an extensive view of the romantic Schuylkill, its western banks, canal, and elegant rail-roads; also, being immediately on the Rail-road, the cars and stages are often travelling affords convenience, amusement and profit. The distance by the Rail-road being short, and very beautiful, makes a most agreeable walking exercise, and the continued passing of the pleasure cars, afford cheap, expeditious and pleasant conveyance. The communication opened by Sheffield's lane, at the sign of Washington, on the Ridge turnpike, about 1½ miles from the city, affords a delightful and pleasant ride of about 4 miles. The Grounds are handsomely laid out in gravel walks, and shaded with the most beautiful forest trees, and the water is abundant and of the very best quality. The improvements consist of

1st. The Hotel of stone, with 2 octagon frame wings, as drawing rooms, front and back piazza, with pleasant lodging rooms, and kitchen attached.

2d. A new two story out-houses in the rear of the Hotel, and fronting each other, one used as a drawing room, the other to prepare refreshments.

3d. A large stabling about 40 by 22, for the accommodation of large parties.

4th. One fancy summer house pleasure-ground and 11 fenced and lattices.

5th. A new frame shoot 90 by 16, intended for amusement.

6th. A frame stable 2 stories, with accommodations for horses below.

7th. A range of commodious sheds for horses and carriages, about 100 feet in length, with a fountain near and well supplied.

8th. A large and commodious brick mansion, in good order, well calculated for the accommodation of boarders; wood-houses and large kitchen garden. On the whole of the improvements enclosed with good stone, board and pail fencing. In addition to the 9 acres covered by the improvements, the proprietor may have 5 or 6 acres in the rear, commencing with Mr. Hill's lane, and not to exceed 10 acres. The Hotel and out-houses at present rent for $250 per annum. A further description is considered unnecessary, as any one disposed to purchase can view the property. Terms will be made very accommodating, and an opportunity afforded to the purchaser, to pay a considerable portion of the purchase out of the profits of the establishment. For further particulars, inquire at the Hotel, or at the office No. 231 Vine street.

jan 31—tf

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favours, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he intends to keep on hand, at his Drug Store, corner of Second and Vine streets, Philadelphia, a general assortment of fresh Drugs and Medicines of the best quality. Patent medicines of all kinds. Dr. Jonathon Moore's Essence of Life, highly esteemed for the cure of coughs, colds, asthmas, consumptions, &c. &c.

Lately imported from Hamburgh, Dr. Lang's celebrated German Pills, for the cure of paralytics and other diseases of bodily members, complaints of the kidneys, rheumatism in the head, hemorrhoids (or piles) which occasion deafness, hypocondria, giddiness, frenzy, intermittins and irregular fevers, swellings, dysenteries, cramps in the stomach, asthmas, certainty of the bones, gross sickness, jaundice, all sorts of eruptions, such as the tetter, itch, scurf, ulcers on the lips or other parts of the body, fistulas, boils, breaks, swellings, &c. &c. Also flame after or not, putrid fevers, and those which proceed from the measles, &c. &c. Each box is accompanied by directions in English, also, certificates in the French, German and Spanish languages, stating the most wonderful cures performed by those pills.

Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, a celebrated medicine for purifying the blood, and a safe and sure remedy for rheumatic diseases, and those arising from an improper use of mercury, rheumatism, scrofulous affections and other depraved conditions of the general health. An assortment of Dental and Surgical instruments, also glass bottles, syringes, tinctures, tissues, &c. &c. Perfumery, such as Cologne water, honey water, French milk of roses, cream of rose, cold cream for the complexion, pearl powder, hair oil, soaps, &c. &c. Fancy articles, cut glass and common essence bottles, indelible ink for marking, camel hair and other pencils, water colours, &c. &c. Also, pictures and window glass, paints, oils, varnishes, putty, and red lead for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices.

Medicine for the cure of diseases of horses and cattle, &c. &c., all of which will be dispensed of on the most reasonable terms.

W. M. JENNINGS.

jan 31—tf

Wolf Beneficial Society

OF the City and County of Philadelphia. Initiation Fee 50 cents. Quarter payment. Persons desirous of becoming members of the above Society, will have an opportunity of so doing, on application to the undersigned, who meet at Anderson's Tavern, corner of Sixth and Carpenter streets, every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock.—Joseph M'Elis, Frank street, Kensington; Wm. Jones, No. 1, Bingle's court; Samuel B. Smith, Locust, 4 doors below Broad street; C. R. Smith, 192 North 13th street; Alexander Beebee, German above Third street; Charles Cook, Queen below Front street; and Wm. Leadercast, Kensington avenue.

jan 31—1m

Notice.

WHEREAS David Comfort and Beulah his wife, of Byberry township, Philadelphia county, did on the 27th of December, 1834, execute a deed of assignment of all his estate, real, personal and mixed, among other things, for the benefit of such of the creditors of the said David Comfort, as shall on or before the 27th day of February, 1835, at the house of Jacob Ashmead, in Byberry, sign the said deed of assignment. Notice is hereby given, that the release is with the subscriber, who will make a statement to the creditors of the probable amount to be divided from the assignment, &c.

JERENIAH COMFORT,
ISRAEL WALTON,
Assignees.

jan 17—3t*

A First Rate Business Stand
For Sale, or to Let on Ground Rent.

THE Lot at the Southwest corner of Broad and Vine sts. 51 feet on Broad street, by 100 feet on Vine street, of the size ready to succeed it by the addition of a large lot in the rear extending 200 feet, and 20 feet wide, with a right of way to the same, and a good and convenient Entrance to any other valuable business, equal to any on the Columbia Rail road, with which it has communication by a substantial Turn Out. The Lot will be disposed of either or in parts to suit purchasers.

Also, Building Lots on Lombard street, and on Schuylkill 2nd, 7th and Aspin streets, west of Broad street. Inquire at No. 1 Vine street, near the Rail Road.

jan 24—tf JAS. E. SPENCER.

Ten Dollars Reward.

LOST on the 6th November, from on board the steam-boat Robert Morris, a red hair trunk, containing a quantity of ladies wearing apparel. Whoever has found the said trunk, and will give information so that I can get it again, shall receive the above reward and no questions asked. Information to be left at the southwest corner of Walnut and Front streets, Philadelphia.

JAMES MAGEE.

jan 17—4t*

Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

THIS truly valuable remedy has been before the public for seven years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects. The following certificates are offered for public examination:

CERTIFICATES.

In the winter of 1831 and 1832, I was seized with spitting of blood, which continued with much relief till spring. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took much medicine, but the relief obtained was only transient. In the spring I commenced taking the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. At this time I was much reduced. The day before I commenced with the Balsam, I raised about half a pint of blood, was oppressed with great hoarseness and a bad cough. I commenced taking the Balsam, and in a few days, I should report to medicine no further; but it did not disappoint my expectations. All the unfavourable symptoms were immediately relieved, the cough cured, and I have not been troubled with a cold since. I am now able to resume my trade, (that of a rope-maker) which I had given up without any expectation of returning to it.

WM. GODFREY.

Roxbury, Mass. Aug. 25, 1833.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in an obstinate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had proved obstinate to the use of other prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week, the patient's voice returned, and he was enabled to speak audibly. The case occurred some time since, and the man is now engaged not only in active, but laborious business. I recommend it to the public.

SAMUEL MORRILL, M. D.

Concord, N. H. Jan. 20, 1832.

In October, 1826, I was attacked with a cough, accompanied with a severe pain in the side and difficulty of breathing. I resorted to several remedies, but without effect. In January, 1831, I was attended by a skilful physician, and subsequently received the advice of several others, but the disease steadily increased in violence. I became troubled with a bloody and offensive expectoration: my flesh was wasted, my feet swollen, and my strength extremely reduced. In April, my case seemed utterly hopeless. I was told by my physician that medicine could do no good in my case to me, and it was considered by any of my friends that I could survive a month. In this situation my daughter procured a bottle of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, (which she had been highly recommended for similar complaints,) and prevailed on me to make trial of it. Its use was attended with the most unexpected and happy result. It gave me immediate relief, and one bottle effected a cure. I have since been free from pain in my side and cough, except in the case of common colds.

Boston, March 1, 1832. SAMUEL EVERETT.

☞ *Particular Caution.*—Each genuine bottle is enclosed in a blue wrapper, on which is a yellow label signed SAMPSON REED. ☞ None other can be genuine. The great celebrity of the genuine Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among these spurious articles, are the 'Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Vegetable Pulmonary Balsamic Syrup,' &c. &c. ☞ Purchasers are cautioned to see its true article by its whole name, and see that it has the genuine signature of the genuine.

For sale by Wm. Thompson, southwest corner of Market and Second streets; Edmund Penn, corner of Green and Front streets; F. Brown, corner of 8th and Chestnut streets; I. W. Pickering, South Second street, opposite Dock street; and at the South corner of Sixth and Market; Samuel F. Griffith, 39 South Eighth street. oct 18—eom 1y

Samuel Hutchinson,
Clock & Watch Maker,

has removed to
No. 231½ MARKET ST.
North Side
One door below the corner of Sixth
PHILADELPHIA.

Where he has for sale an assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Pencil Cases, Purse Clasps, Pen Cases.

☞ Clocks and Watches repaired and warranted.

jan 10—8*

Fountain Green Hotel
FOR SALE.

ON the Columbia Rail Road, about 2½ miles from the city, and about half a mile east of the Bridge at Fairmount, on the north bank of the Schuylkill, near the Philadelphia Ice Company's improvements. This property is one of the most eligible as a genteel and fashionable public resort, of any near the city, and has during the past season, (which is short,) received a very large and respectable portion of the public patronage. It commands an extensive view of the romantic Schuylkill, its western banks, canal, and elegant rail-roads; also, being immediately on the Rail-road, the cars and stages are often travelling affords convenience, amusement and profit. The distance by the Rail-road being short, and very beautiful, makes a most agreeable walking exercise, and the continued passing of the pleasure cars, afford cheap, expeditious and pleasant conveyance. The communication opened by Sheffield's lane, at the sign of Washington, on the Ridge turnpike, about 1½ miles from the city, affords a delightful and pleasant ride of about 4 miles. The Grounds are handsomely laid out in gravel walks, and shaded with the most beautiful forest trees, and the water is abundant and of the very best quality. The improvements consist of

1st. The Hotel of stone, with 2 octagon frame wings, as drawing rooms, front and back piazza, with pleasant lodging rooms, and kitchen attached.

2d. A new two story out-houses in the rear of the Hotel, and fronting each other, one used as a drawing room, the other to prepare refreshments.

3d. A large stabling about 40 by 22, for the accommodation of large par